

SONG LYRICS

SOME VARIATIONS
ON THE ORIGINALS

& SOME ENTIRELY ORIGINAL

BY ELANNESH

Table of Contents

Introduction.....	3
Modified lyrics.....	4
"Doctor My Eyes".....	5
"Don't Say You Don't Remember".....	7
"Dust in the Wind".....	9
"Long, Long Time".....	11
"Memories".....	13
"More Than A Feeling".....	15
"Shiloh".....	17
Original lyrics to instrumentals.....	21
When It Sees Me (to "Song of India").....	22
Finding ... (to "Cast Your Fate to the Wind").....	24
Child Asks Why (to "Ladyfingers").....	26
Dawn's Aura (to "Samba Pa Ti").....	28
More So Than Yet (to "Claire de Lune").....	29
Names Escape Me (to "Danse Macabre").....	31
Before There's More (to "Gymnopedie #1").....	34
Dreamed Through Screen Door (to "Carnation Lily Lily Rose").....	36
Original lyrics to "My Back Pages".....	38

Introduction

Have you ever been singing along with a song you greatly enjoy and thought to yourself, “Couldn't the lyrics have been a little better?” Just for fun, the following compilation includes a handful from among my favorite songs for which I (admittedly, audaciously) answered that question: “Yes, I think they could have been a little better, and here's how.”

I also included original lyrics I wrote to some of my favorite instrumentals.

In addition, I dared write original lyrics to Bob Dylan's masterpiece, “My Back Pages.”

I hope at least some of these songs are among your favorites, as well.

It should be obvious that nothing in this compilation was created by so-called “AI;” although, I expect some of it will get “sampled” in the future into mashed responses made by those algorithms.

Finally, I offer here an observation in the category of “It used to be ... ”

It used to be (since ancient times) that for a literary author's creation to be deemed poetry, that author had to self-impose constraints – typically, in Western culture, one or more of rhyme, meter, and rhythm. Infrequent infringements aside (“poetic license”), this fundamental distinction between poetry and prose was objective.

Constraints did not in and of themselves make a poem better or worse than prose and both genres could be imaginative, nuanced, evocative, among other characteristics. The presence or absence of self-imposed constraints merely differentiated between what was defined as poetry and what was defined as prose.

Jagged margins and/or random line lengths are not constraints.

Somewhere along the way, most literary influencers, including those who publish “poetry,” deleted that differentiation. Therefore, today, the (almost only) refuge for poetry is in song lyrics. So be it.

Modified lyrics

"Doctor My Eyes"

written and recorded by Jackson Browne
Original lyrics

Doctor, my eyes have seen the years
And the slow parade of fears
Without crying
Now I want to understand

I have done all that I could
To see the evil and the good
Without hiding
You must help me if you can

Doctor, my eyes
Tell me what is wrong
Was I unwise
To leave them open for so long

'Cause I have wandered through this world
And as each moment has unfurled
I've been waiting
To awaken from these dreams

People go just where they will
I never noticed them until
I got this feeling
That it's later than it seems

Doctor, my eyes
Tell me what you see
I hear their cries
Just say if it's too late for me

Doctor, my eyes
Cannot see the sky
Is this the price
For having learned how not to cry

My variation

Doctor, my eyes have watched for years
Those oppressed and dressed in fears
Their hopes dying
Now I want to understand

How I've seen all that I could
Witnessed evil conquer good
Without crying
Thinking all was as was planned

Doctor, my eyes
Tell me what is wrong
Was I unwise
To leave them open for so long

As I wandered through this world
Telltale moments have unfurled
Each revealing
Life unlike a life of dreams

I saw suffering but still
Never noticed it until
Got this feeling
That it's later than it seems

Doctor, my eyes
Tell me what you see
I hear their cries
Just say if it's too late for me

Doctor, my eyes
Cannot see the sky
Is this the prize
For having learned how not to cry

"Don't Say You Don't Remember"

written by Estelle Levitt and Helen Miller

recorded by Beverly Bremers

Original lyrics

We wrote on the corner of the table:

"This is the only one that will last.

For you, for me, for always."

Forever was meant for us but for us it went by too fast.

[Chorus:]

Don't say you don't remember

I'll never love anyone else

If you say you don't remember

How can I go on living

(How can I go on living)

With myself?

When we meet you always call me "baby."

How could it be that you forgot my name?

Before you go, be honest.

I belonged to you and believed that you felt the same.

[Chorus]

People never stay the same forever.

Somebody always loves a little more.

Tonight I need to love you.

Together we'll find a way to make tomorrow worth living for.

[Chorus]

My variation

We carved our initials in the tree bark,
And a heart, struck by dart from Cupid's bow --
For you and for me, "4 Ever,"
That forever could end this fast --
Tell me, how was I s'posed to know?

[Chorus]

Was I just a play thing for your ego:
A photo that you'll show without a name?
Betrothed or betrayed? Be honest.
I belonged to no one but you
And believed that you felt the same.

[Chorus]

If no one stays the same -- always changing,
Can't you change just once more, back to before?
Tonight, I just need to love you
And together to find how to
Make tomorrow what I've lived for.

[Chorus]

"Dust in the Wind"

written by Kerry Livgren

recorded by Kansas

Original lyrics

I close my eyes
Only for a moment,
And the moment's gone.
All my dreams
Pass before my eyes a
Curiosity

[Chorus:]
Dust in the wind.
All we are is dust in the wind.
Dust in the wind.
Every thing is dust in the wind.

Same old song --
Just a drop of water
In an endless sea.
And all we do
Crumbles to the ground though
We refuse to see.

[Chorus]

[Instrumental Interlude]

Don't hang on.
Nothing lasts forever
But the earth and sky.
It slips away.
And all your money won't a-
Nother minute buy.

[Chorus]

My variation

I close my eyes
Only for a moment,
And the moment's gone.
Though each dream flies,
Bursting bubbles always
Leave me more withdrawn.

[Chorus]

Be just and wise --
Aspirations treasured
Since first noble dawn.
Yet myths and lies --
Shamelessly employed by
Scheming king and pawn.

[Chorus]

[Instrumental Interlude]

Our cities rise,
Built on ground that covers
Long lost worlds' debris.
Despite our cries,
Headstones are but rubble
To Eternity.

[Chorus]

"Long, Long Time"

written by Gary White

recorded by Linda Ronstadt

Original lyrics

Love will abide.
Take things in stride.
Sounds like good advice but there's no one at my side.
And time washes clean
Love's wounds unseen.
That's what someone told me but I don't know what it means.

Cause I've done everything I know to try and make you mine
And I think I'm gonna love you for a long long time.

Caught in my fears,
Blinking back the tears,
I can't say you hurt me when you never let me near.
And I never drew
One response from you.
All the while you fell all over girls you never knew.

Cause I've done everything I know to try and make you mine
And I think it's gonna hurt me for a long long time.

Wait for the day
You'll go away,
Knowing that you warned me of the price I'd have to pay.
And life's full of flaws.
Who knows the cause?
Living in the memory of a love that never was.

Cause I've done everything I know to try and change your mind
And I think I'm gonna miss you for a long long time.

Cause I've done everything I know to try and make you mine
And I think I'm gonna love you for a long long time.

My variation

Love will abide.
Take things in stride.
Sounds like good advice but there's no one at my side.
(And) Time washes clean
Love's wounds unseen.
That's what **they tell** me but I don't know what it means.

Cause I **did** everything I know to try **to** make you mine
And I think I'm gonna **miss** you for a long, long time.

I **hid** my fear,
Blinked back **each** tear.
How did you hurt me when you never let me near?
(And) I never drew
Warm glance from you.
Though you would gape at every woman within view.

Yet I **did** everything I know to try **to** make you mine
And I think it's gonna hurt me for a long, long time.

Then came the day
You went away.
Just like you warned me of the price I'd have to pay.
(And) Life's full of flaws.
Could be because
I have memories of a love that never was.

Since I **did** everything I know to try **to** change your mind
Now I think **I will remember** for a long, long time.

Cause I **did** everything I know to try **to** make you mine
And I think I'm gonna love you for a long, long time.

"Memories"

written by Billy Strange and Mac Davis

recorded by Elvis Presley

Original lyrics

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine

Quiet thoughts come floating down

And settle softly to the ground

Like golden autumn leaves around my feet

I touched them and they burst apart with sweet memories

Sweet memories

Of holding hands and red bouquets

And twilights trimmed in purple haze

And laughing eyes and simple ways

And quiet nights and gentle days with you

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine

Memories, memories

Of holding hands and red bouquets

And twilights trimmed in purple haze

And laughing eyes and simple ways

And quiet nights and gentle days with you

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine

Memories, memories, sweet memories, memories

My variation

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories, still playing on the stages left behind

Quiet thoughts come floating down

And settle softly to the ground

Like golden autumn leaves around my feet

I touched them and they burst apart with sweet memories

Sweet memories

Of holding hands and red bouquets

And twilights trimmed in purple haze

And laughing eyes and simple ways

And quiet nights and gentle days with you

Memories, weaving past and present all entwined

Memories, grateful that the years have been so kind

Memories, memories

Enchanting walks to anywhere

Assuring words that showed you care

And finding strength when life's not fair

From knowing that you're always there with me

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories, still playing on the stages left behind

Memories, memories, sweet memories, memories

"More Than A Feeling"

written by Tom Scholz

recorded by Boston

Original lyrics

I looked out this morning and the sun was gone
Turned on some music to start my day
I lost myself in a familiar song
I closed my eyes and I slipped away

[Chorus:]

It's more than a feeling (more than a feeling)
When I hear that old song they used to play (more than a feeling)
I begin dreaming (more than a feeling)
'till I see Marianne walk away
I see my Marianne walkin' away

So many people have come and gone
Their faces fade as the years go by
Yet I still recall as I wander on
as clear as the sun in the summer sky

[Chorus]

When I'm tired and thinking cold
I hide in my music, forget the day
and dream of a girl I used to know
I closed my eyes and she slipped away
She slipped away

[Chorus]

My variation

[underlined syllables are to be accented]

I looked out this morning -- the sun was still gone
Turned on some music to start my day
I fell into dreaming, awaiting the dawn
I closed my eyes and I slipped away

[added this next verse before the chorus, same rhythm as prior verse]

There's so many people I've known in the past
Their voices faded as years went by
But I am still hearing the words she spoke last
I hid my eyes when she said goodbye

[Chorus:]

More than a feeling (more than a feeling)
While hearing that song that they played (more than a feeling)
I begin dreaming (more than a feeling)
Until I see her walk away
I see my Marianne walkin' away

The radio played it as she turned to go
Was she still hoping I'd change my way?
Though pain inside growing I'd not let her know
I did not say I wished she would stay

[Chorus]

I'm feeling so tired just aching to flee
Hiding in music my thoughts astray
I'm missing the woman who used to love me
I closed my eyes and she slipped away
She slipped away

[Chorus]

"Shiloh"

written and recorded by Neil Diamond
Original lyrics

Young child with dreams
Dreaming each dream on your own
When children play
Seems like you end up alone

Papa says he'd love to be with you
If he had the time
So you turn to the only friend you can find
There in your mind

Shilo, when I was young
I used to call your name
When no one else would come
Shilo, you always came and we'd play

Young girl with fire
Something said she understood
I wanted to fly
She made me feel like I could

Held my hand out, I let her take me
Blind as a child
All I saw was the way
That she made me smile
She made me smile

Shilo, when I was young
I used to call your name
When no one else would come
Shilo, you always came and you'd stay

Had a dream and it filled me with wonder
She had other plans
"Got to go, and I know that you'll understand"
I understand

Shilo when I was young
I used to call your name
When no one else would come
Shilo, you always came
Come today

My variation

Young child with dreams
Dreamed every dream on my own.
When children played,
I'd always end up alone.

Papa said he'd love to be with me
If he had the time.
So I turned to the one true friend I could find --
There in my mind.

Shiloh, when I was young,
I used to call your name.
When no one else would come,
Shiloh, you always came,
And we played.

[added this next verse, same rhythm as first and subsequent verse]

Hiding away,
I kept my dreams to myself.
Hoping someday,
I'd dare to trust someone else.

Young girl with fire,
She made me feel that I could.
I yearned to fly,
She let me know that I would.

Put her hand out, I let her take me,
Wide eyed as a child.
What I saw was heaven whenever she smiled.
Oh how she smiled.

Shiloh, when I was young,
I used to call your name.
When no one else would come,
Shiloh, you always came,
And you stayed.

Spoke my dreams and asked her to share them;

She had other plans.

“Got to go [now](#). I know that you’ll understand.”

I understand.

Shiloh, when I was young,

I used to call your name.

When no one else would come,

Shiloh, you always came,

Come [to me](#).

Original lyrics to instrumentals

When It Sees Me (to “Song of India”)

instrumental music: “Song of India,” composed by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov

The autumn colors shimmer in the breeze
In timelessly recurring pageantries.
I thrill to see majestic trees.

But branches swaddled in resplendent sleeves
Will soon be stripped bare by cold, windy thieves.
I also see the dying leaves.

Sun
puts on its show
each setting ray
fades too fast.
One
last dazzling glow
assigns this day
to the past.

Bid,
“Time, please let go
and leave joys free
to remain.”

Rid
this truth I know:
my paltry plea
is in vain.

Faith,
which anxious souls attend,
pursuing grace.

Faith
that endless souls ascend
to better place.

And yet ...
... Tears
flow as we grieve

when loved one dies.
Fears
that we believe
beguiling lies.

Could
what instincts dread
be just repose?
Would
clear head, instead,
greet end of woes?

Since nothing living lives eternally,
There's no eluding life's one certainty.
What will I see when it sees me?

Finding ... (to "Cast Your Fate to the Wind")

instrumental music: "Cast Your Fate to the Wind," written by Vince Guaraldi and recorded by Vince Guaraldi Trio

Gift box is here,
Just now arrived,
Perhaps with striking gem inside.
Best not to rush to tear apart
Lovely wrapping paper disguise;
Trembling touch,
Racing heart,
Raring eyes.

Undo the bows.
Remove the tape.
Slide fingers to anticipate.
Unbridle passion leashed within.
Tear off wrapping paper disguise;
Lifting lid,
Reaching in,
Stuffing flies,
Finding ...

----- instrumental interlude -----

... Shared empty beach,
Warm sun, cool breeze, alluring seas;
Coy paths to learn and teach.

Soft waves implore,
"Come now explore, let's leave the shore.
Think less, feel more."

Dive in and swim with dolphin.
Trade limbs for fins then race him.
Dodge storms and brave unknown caves.
Lithe forms conform to swelled waves.

Swap for spry wings to soar.
Rains pour, hail stings, winds roar.

In flight to heights past sight
Where bright, white lights fight night.

I fly so high,
Wide sky is my prized realm;
Then drift back down, overwhelmed.

Exciting time --
Just love surprise.
But yet again I must decide:
How long to stay, and then depart
When a new gift box will arrive.
Moving on.
Looking smart.
Feel alive.

Discarded bows,
Clumped shards of tape,
Torn scraps of paper once ornate,
Mementos strewn around the room;
But what memories do I hide?
Musing back,
Parting gloom,
Feelings pried,
Finding ...

Child Asks Why (to “Ladyfingers”)

instrumental music: “Ladyfingers,” written by Toots Thielemans and recorded by Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass

Children learning how to
Speak like grown-ups speak,
Garner freedoms that they seek,
Captive in their Babel Towers.

Language conjures up the
Magic of this world,
Orders treasure maps unfurled,
In new phrases, hidden powers
Loom.

Child discovers soon that
Simply asking, “Why?”
Then repeating on reply,
With an impish smile cajoling,

Bars resistance to such
Innocent request,
Earnest answers get confessed.
Makes one wonder who’s controlling
Whom.

Yet again the child asks,
“Why?”
“Why?”
“Why?” --
Loves to tease with
Onion-layered questioning.

Grown-ups fret to hear that
“Why?”
“Why?”
“Why?”
Wishing they knew
Better answers than they do.

Children later strive to
Say what grown-ups say,
Learn each not-so-subtle way
How to brand who “we” and “they” are.
Labels harden us to
Hate without regret,
Common decencies forget,
Fooled through fear while thinking we’re smarter.

Had the child again asked,
“Why?”
“Why?”
“Why?”
Ill at ease in
Baseless, mindless, “reasoning.”

Grown-ups might have chafed at:
“Why?”
“Why?”
“Why?”
Wishing they knew
Better answers than they do.

Later still child learns to
Do like grown-ups do
And defend what’s crowned as “true”
By those ceded noble tasking.

Leaders furnish us with
Sound bites to recite,
Reassured they’re always right.
Much too soon a child stops asking, “Why?”

Dawn's Aura (to "Samba Pa Ti")

instrumental music: "Samba Pa Ti," written by Carlos Santana and recorded by Santana

Like a toddler teetering,
Emboldened to
Grove and grasp at anything
To hold on to,
My pert moves glided in stride,
But first steps hide how pride might fall.
When it happened I just crumbled deep inside,
Feeling so surprisingly small.

Rowed my island out to sea
Where I'd be strong,
With one ear tuned anxiously
For Siren's song.
Desires denied while I lied:
"This child is satisfied to crawl."
When you happened I just tumbled to your side,
Finding at last you are my all.

----- brief instrumental interlude -----

Winged stallion conveys us
To wondrous worlds I hardly knew.
Sweet muses amaze us.
Now beauty fills my life with you.

Renewal of day glows –
Gown worn by Aurora.
Though Fates show what they chose,
Love's borne by dawn's aura.

More So Than Yet (to "Claire de Lune")

instrumental music: "Claire de Lune," composed by Claude Debussy

Sweetheart,
Partner for life,
My cherished soul mate,
Lover and wife,

Your presence makes home anywhere
We may be, faithfully.
Your essence livens days we share
Festively, playfully.

Sweetheart,
Love of my life,
Reward from kind Fate,
Dear, treasured wife,

Your gaze insightful,
Your touch is delightful.

Sometimes, awaiting sleep,
Ill thoughts instill fright,
Like child in castle's keep
Besieged by still night,
Doubt assails my strength
Through portals buried deep.
Stout wall fails, at length.
Wraiths scrounge for tears to reap.
I turn toward you and find
Mere sight of you then clears my mind.

When we're walking, hands embracing,
We imbibe together from fabled Fountain of Youth.
Effervescent bubbles sparkling,
Floating on respect and truth,
Dancing to clear music in your laughter –
Patiently, they'll dance for ever after.

Enchanted show:
Caressed and warmed by your smile's glow

More so than yet I even know.

Will my devotion further grow?
More so than yet you even know.

----- instrumental interlude -----

Sweetheart,
Partner for life,
My cherished soul mate,
Lover and wife,

Your presence makes home anywhere
We may be, faithfully.
Your essence livens days we share
Festively, playfully.

Sweetheart,
Love of my life,
Reward from kind Fate,
Dear, treasured wife,

Your gaze insightful,
Your touch delightful,
Please stay always.

Names Escape Me (to “Danse Macabre”)

instrumental music: “Danse Macabre,” composed by Camille Saint-Saens

Names escape me, though,
Once it wasn't like that.
Used to seem to flow,
Now that stream is dammed.

Little cubby holes:
Brain's own piggy banks that
Played their recall roles –
Maybe now they're crammed.

People that I've met,
Strangers to each other,
Their names I forget,
Panicked I'll be rude.

Couldn't introduce
Mother to my brother.
Needing an excuse,
Feigned a mouth of food.

[Chorus:]
While preening at my sink, I find
A gray, ravaged face showing years unkind.
With squinting eyes inspecting me,
It's struggling to fathom whom I might be.

Each declining ear,
Slowly growing more deaf,
Twists the words I hear,
Into things absurd.

“Tires need more tread.”
That was what was said
“Buyers need more bread.”
That was what I heard.

Met someone at work –
Motivation speaker.

Probably a jerk,
Couldn't be deterred.

"Want to get ahead?"
That was what was said.
"Want to get a bed?"
That was what I heard.

Modern life has wrought
Vying, odd attractions;
Feeling so distraught,
When I have to choose.

Tough to hold a thought,
Head full of distractions.
When there is one sought,
That's the thought I lose.

Standing in a room,
Wondering why I came here.
Staring at the broom,
Haven't got a clue.

Walk back shrugging and
Motive now becomes clear,
Feel again spilled sand
Crunch beneath my shoe.

[Chorus]

Want to read a book,
Hold it out at arm's length,
Back and forth I look –
All that I can do.

Ev'ry distance tried,
Like a trombone slide,
Swallowing my pride –
Soon bifocals due.

Mirror shows me how
Hairs are in migration.

Where I find them now,
Not where I preferred.

Pills restock the top?
Twenty bucks a pop,
Ears grow bumper crop –
Just stampede the herd.

Before There's More (to "Gymnopedie #1")

instrumental music: "Gymnopedie #1," composed by Erik Satie

Mobs waving books they're claiming they've read:

Manifest,

Fuhrer's test,

Covered red,

Quotes unsaid.

Pages were turned, but thinking was dead -

Duped, instead.

Echoing party lines confidently,

Practicing purity diligently.

And sometimes,

Good folks consent to instruct those with doubt,

About ...

Mobs burning books they're told they must dread:

Liturgy,

Poetry,

History,

Heresy.

Swallowing whole the lies that they're fed -

All misled.

Agents anointed by Powers-That-Be

Watching, recording, assiduously.

And sometimes,

Powers must deign to expunge evil spore,

Before

There's more.

Those in charge dictate that which is best:

Meek oppressed,

Facts suppressed,

Truth detest -

Strict behest.

Powerful live well, not so the rest -

Poor attest.

Sacrifice needed magnanimously.
Great rewards coming, if posthumously.
And sometimes,
Circumstance leaves even chumps most devout
Without ...

What will it take for people to see:
Hypocrisy,
Complacency,
Inequity,
Insanity.
King owns the lock, but pawns loan the key –
Too freely.

Analyze arguments rationally.
Lay bare posed, hyped fear continually.
Then sometime,
Maybe we'd end plotted horror and war
Before
There's more.

Dreamed Through Screen Door (to "Carnation Lily Lily Rose")

music: "Carnation Lily Lily Rose," written by Andrew White and recorded by David Arkenstone

Dreamed through screen door:
Schemes for when we'd grow up.
Seemed like we'd just stroll up
In society.

... but we
Trudged upstream, for
Water doesn't flow up,
Angels never show up,
Nothing's ever free.

In fond dream's core:
Tear ducts set to blow up,
Stressed seams to re-sew up
After bouts lost to reality,
Stitched with thread devoid of warranty.

----- instrumental interlude -----

Seen through screen door,
Focused on a
Far, sunlit shore,
View clear of the
Screen's own, dim haze,
Only for those
With true, fixed gaze.
Or else bright vision's lost and missed,
Concealed beyond dull, mesh-formed mist.

Fight for good cause.
Weary wings can glide up.
Cavalry might ride up.
Toil is currency.

Dream bold schemes, 'cause
Tear tracks can be dried up,

Torn threads can be tied up,
Loss avenged through steadfast valiancy.
Plied, free will defies stern destiny.

Original lyrics to “My Back Pages”

music: “My Back Pages,” written and recorded by Bob Dylan (among many others)

Wide eyes and eager ears of youth
Absorbed reality.
Until I learned to filter truth
To colors meant to see.
Contrasting hues might fade fixed views;
And bored me, anyhow.
I could have sensed with good sense then –
Deaf dolt in blinders now.

Prime, callow bloom, with shallow roots,
Bare breeze would coax me free.
I sampled sweet, exotic fruits
Each opportunity.
Relationships were just short trips.
If seeds I’d sown, I’d plow.
To greet my needs was simpler then –
Can’t recognize them now.

Crowed proud and tall, expecting all
To lavish praise on me.
So accolades-too-slow-to-call,
Drew spiteful fantasy:
“The Man” impeach by farewell speech
And smug, grand-exit bow.
I had at risk near nothing then –
In nothing, vested now.

I’d vent replies to questions posed,
And to those not yet heard.
Opinions flowed, my mind stayed closed:
A one-way valve for words.
With what I thought and what I taught,
The masses I’d endow.
Self-centered and self-righteous then,
Self doubts have risen now.

----- instrumental interlude -----

Can't find my keys, my phone's a stray,
And nouns confound my brain.
"A senior moment," dullards say –
Inane guise I disdain.
Anxieties accompany
These lapses I avow.
Keen faculties? – they used to be.
They're lost on campus now.

Along my road, kind deeds unfold,
So I owe gratitudes.
But some dish guff, served cruel and cold,
On tripe-stuffed attitudes.
I would, I swore, make good each score,
Not knowing when nor how.
For I was sure of decades more.
Mere years I hope for now.